THE SECOND PART OF PHILOMYTHIE, OR *PHILOMYTHOLOGIE.*

CONTAINING certaine Tales

OF

True Libertie.
False Friendship.
Power Vnited.
Faction and Ambition.

By THOMAS SCOT Gent.

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MONARCHIA.

Dedicated to all the worthy *professors of the Law, who make not priuate-* wealth, but the good and peace of the Common-wealth the end of *their studies and practise.*

Though you (perhaps) be Clyentlesse and few,
Friendlesse and poore, yet 'tis to you I sue
For kinde acceptance. You alone are they
Who by example guide vs in our way.
You looke not on the fee, but on the cause,
And follow truth, as truth doth lead the Lawes.
The rest, with vice, and wealths ill-gotten load,
Passe on to death, in glories beaten road.

THe inhabitants of the Ile of *Wight* did boast,
No vermin vs'd to harbour in their coast.
For they no hooded Monkes, nor Foxes had,
Nor Law *Retriuers who make fooles run mad.

Cambden de Insularectis. This title is giuen them by our worthy L. chiefe Iustice of Eng.

With their ſtrife-ſtirring tongues; but liued as free,
From theſe, as by them others combred be.
And though our whole land cannot boaſt ſo farre,
That we from all ſuch vermin quitted are:
Yet happy is our Ile, that's hemd about
With water-walles, to keepe our enemies out;
Whilſt we (as *Adam* did) in *Eden* dwell,
And ſcarce of *famine* in an age heare tell.
Where hils are clad with woods, and vales with corn,
Whoſe laden eares doe liſten to be ſhorne.
Where ſhepheards neither Lyon doubt, nor Beare,
Nor rauening Wolfe which ſheep & ſhepheard teare;
But each in ſafety dwell, and ſillie ſheepe
From all but Man, doe one the other keepe.
O happy are we if we know our good,
And if our ſtate be rightly vnderſtood:
To liue thus free vnder ſo bleſt a King,
Iuſt *Magiſtrates* and *Cleargy-men*, that ſing,
The ſongs of *Syon* in the holy tongue
Conuerting old men, and informing yong.
No ſpirit-tyrant *Pope*, *ſtate-tyrant Turke*,
Can here their bloudy ends and proiects worke;
But each in ſafety may his owne poſſeſſe,
More free then Kings, becauſe our cares be leſſe.
But moſt vnhappy are thoſe neighbour lands,
Where Peace and Plentie, as two ſtrangers ſtands;
Where bloudie war, and bloodleſſe *famine* ride
Vpon the ruin'd top of thankleſſe Pride:
Where Law deſtroies, Diuinity deceiues,
And where the crowne the care of kingdome leaues.
Where men eate men, as beaſt deuourd by beaſt,
The ſtrong the weaker kill, the great the leaſt.

Where

Where tyrannie in triumph mounted hie,
Makes truth and innocence in dungeons lie.
This tale the difference ſhewes, that we may know
How much to God for our good king we owe.
An aged Hart, vpon mount *Carmel* bred,
Hauing as Admirall the Nauy led
From *Syria* through the Seas, to Cyprus ſhore,
Where all the Ile with greene is couered o're.
Hapt by a Parke to trauaile, where he ſpide
A yonger ſad Hart, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Th'impriſoning pale, and vſing all his skill
To free himſelfe from thence, to larger ill.
Good brother (quoth the ſtranger) let me know,
What heauy thoughts they are that vex you ſo.
Why do you ſadly ſo your ſelfe bemone?
Why hauing friends within come you alone
To feed ſad melancholly, and inuent
To doe a raſh act, which youle ſoone repent?
The younger Deere made anſwer, Can ye muſe
Why I am ſad, and wherefore I doe vſe
All meanes to free my ſelfe, from being thus
A ſlaue to him that's foe to all of vs?
Know brother, I endure more ſorrowes here,
In one halfe day, then you in one whole yeere.
For you haue liberty to come and goe,
Though forreſter and woodman both ſay no.
But I by cruell man, impriſond keepe,
Within this woodden walls, where none but ſheepe
Hares, Conyes, Cowes, and other of my kinne
Are my aſſociates, ſimple ſoules within.
I haue no beaſt of worth, of birth, or wit,
With whom I may conuerſe; but faine to fit

My lofty ſpirit to the lowly ſtraine,
Of baſe companions, ſluggiſh, fearefull, vaine.
No Wolues or dogs come here, whereby decaies
The exercise of valure and the praiſe.
The traps for vermin, are ſo thicke beſet,
That oftentimes they ſome of vs doe get.
The watchfull keeper, euery night and morne,
Commands me riſe, and reſt with his ſhrill horne,
He with his Lymehound rounds the pale about,
For feare leaſt we be ſtolne or broken out.
He feeds vs cheerfully, and doth prouide
Sufficient meat that's fit for euery tide;
But being fat, he chooſeth which he likes,
And through our ſides, death forked arrow ſtrikes.
Thus all he doth, is his owne turne to ſerue,
And for his owne life doth our liues preſerue.
Then gentle brother helpe to free me hence,
And my ſwift thanks ſhall yeeld you recompence.
Stay brother mad brain ſtay, quoth Lightfoot thē
If you were out, you'ld wiſh you in agen.
I was in *Syria* borne, and euery yeere
A dangerous voyage make, for what you here
Enioy with proud contempt. We cannot find
"Content on earth, without a thankfull mind.
You ſlight your eaſe and plenty; we, alas!
With toyle ſeeke that which you with ſcorn let paſſe.
Our meat is grutchd, we like to robbers watcht,
So what we feed on, here and there is ſnatcht.
The pale you call your priſon rather may,
Be tearmd your Caſtle, Garden, Cloſet, Stay,
To keepe our others from thoſe ioyes of yours,
Or to preſerue you from theſe woes of ours.

Whilſt we without by Lyons, Leopards, Beares,
Wolues, Eagles, Serpents, and a thouſand feares,
Are hourely vext, beſet, beſieged ſo,
That at our ſhadowes, death doth next vs goe.
Yet none our deaths reuenge, nor craues account,
How our neglected blood is lauiſht out.
For euen that Man (which is your guard) to vs
Proclaimes himſelfe a foe, moſt dangerous.
He hunts for our deſtruction, cheeres the hound,
Rides, runs, whoopes, hollowes, and at euery ſound,
Rings our ſhrill deaths bell with ſo fearefull blaſt,
As charmes our ioynts to heare, whilſt hounds make haſt
To finiſh our deſired death, and glut
With our ſweet fleſh, each vermins maw and gut.
Thus doe we die abroad, for euery man
Claimes right in vs, and labors all they can,
Our weary feet in toyles, nets, ſnares t'incloſe,
When you haue friends, to guard you from your foes
If therefore you haue told me truth that there
You doe no creature but your keeper feare;
O bring me to this priſon, ſhew me how
I may obtaine a bleſſed life with you.
Direct me to a leape, ile ſoone leape in.
"Tis happineſſe, vnhappy to haue been.
With that he mounts the pale, adue quoth he,
Vaine, wide, wild world; who ſerues the law is free.

Epimythium.

There hath been long diſputation to find out the true freedome. The world holds opinion that Libertines vvho doe what they liſt, and luſt whatſoeuer is vn-

lawfull are onely free men. *Caine* was founder of this brotherhood. He might doe what he list, he was a vagabond exempt from lawes, he had a marke of priuiledge set vpon him to keep him from punishment here. Our Iesuits and King-killers being exempt from the temporall sword are free of this company. But the child of God whose affections are mortified, who obeis law for conscience sake, who is a law vnto himselfe, is the onely freeman; for to him the Magistrate bears the sword in vaine. He would be honest without law, and wil be honest if the law should forbid him. Yet would he not resist, but submit himselfe to power. He is free of that company whereof S. *Paul* professeth himselfe one when he saith, I *I haue learned in al estates to be contented.* How much more happy are they who liue vnder the protection of a good king, and wholesome lawes, then these are who liuing here like outlawes goe without contradiction out of momentany pleasure & liberty into eternal slauery & punishmēt.

The Cony-burrow.

¶ Dedicated to the louers of worth, and friends of vertue, who follow *truth with a ſingle heart, and ſpeake it* with a ſingle tongue.

Be innocent, but circumſpect withall,
The Turtles mate may be the Turtles ſtall.
Be wiſe yet truſt not wit. The traps we make
For others, firſt doe our falſe fingers take.
What we delight to vſe, take pride to weare,
Takes vs; as Abſalon hang'd with his haire.
Then walke vpright, to neither hand encline,
There's nought frees innocence, but grace diuine.

THe Polcat, Ferret, Lobſtar, Weaſel, made
A ſecret match, the Cony to inuade:
Which no way they could compaſſe, whilſt he kept
Himſelfe abroad, when as he fed or ſlept.

At

At laſt the Polcat to the Cony went,
With this ſmooth ſpeech, Good couſen my intent
Hath been long ſince t'acquaint you with our kin,
And tell ye how our couſenage came in.
Your Grandame was my carefull foſtermother,
To your kind ſire, I was a foſterbrother;
My education, nurture, and my foode,
I from my youth receiued from your ſweet brood.
In recompence whereof, my thankfull mind,
A fitte requitall long deſired to finde.
The time is come, for I haue lately found,
A ſecret plot, wherein the cunning hound
The cloſe diſſembling Tumbler, *Lurcher* ſwift,
With Raynard that knowes many a ſubtill ſhift.
The Eagle and the Goſhauke, haue agreed,
Their ſtomacke with your dainty fleſh to feed.
Firſt they intend the hound ſhall hunt ye out,
And by your footing heate ye once about.
Then ſhall that hypocrite, the *Tumbler* trie,
To cheate you of your life, with his falſe eie.
But if he faile, the Lurcher with his ſpeed,
Will ſnatch yee vp (they hope) and doe the deed.
If not the Eagle, Fox, and Goſhauke, ſweare,
To eat no meat, till on your lims they teare.
The harmleſſe Cony, at this dire report,
Ready to ſound, beſought in humble ſort
The wary Polcat him t'inſtruct and teach
A way, how he might ſcape his foes long reach.
Faith (quoth the Polcat) you perhaps might hide,
Your ſelfe among thicke buſhes vneſpide,
But that the Hounds and Lurcher both are there,
Whoſe ſents will quickly find ye out, I feare.

Againe

Againe vpon the rocks, you might remaine,
But that the Eagle, Fox, and Gosshauke faine
Thei'l watch ye there; so that no other way
Remaines to scape with life, but night and day
To scrape and grate with your forefeet, a den,
Within the earth, where safe from beasts and men,
And foule, and euery bloody foe you shall,
Your life securely lead in spight of all.

The simple Cony doubting no deceit,
Thought treason had not councell for a bait,
And therefore thanks his foe, and (glad at heart)
To dig his owne graue vseth all his art.
A sandy place he seeks, and finding one,
Free from all clay, or flint, or other stone,
He with his forefeet grates, and makes a burrow,
As deepe, as if he ment to trauaile thorow,
The body of the earth, and meet the Sunne,
When it vnto the *Antipodes* doth run,
Which hauing finisht, he prepares a feast,
And there the Polcat is the chiefest guest.
The Lobster, Ferret, Weasel too must goe,
To ioy him in his house, they loue him so;
And their great friend, the siluer-suited Snake,
Must needs along with them, and merry make.
He welcomes them, and doth before them set,
What iunckets he with purse or paines could get,
The Lyons Court hath not a dainty dish,
But he prouides it, euen beyond their wish.
"Yet they that long for blood, till blood be shed,
"Cannot be satisfied, though fully fed.

Ingratitude! thou monster of the minde,
Art thou not only proper to mankind?

Is there a beaſt that can forget his friend,
And for his owne ends, worke his fellowes end?
Is there a beaſt whoſe luſt prouokes him kill
The beaſt that did him good, nere wiſht him ill?
Is there a beaſt who vnder kindneſſe can
Diſſemble hate? O then thrice happy man!
Thou art not only he that kilſt thy brother,
Some beaſts there are that murther one another.
Some foules, ſome fiſhes, Serpents ſome there are
Who pray vpon their kind in open war.
And ſome that vnder friendſhip falſly faind,
With fellowes murther haue their natures ſtaind.
Nay there is one who can ſo couer euill,
That man may iudge him Angell, find him diuell.
He firſt with ſweetmeats poyſond *Adams* ſeed,
Since when of ſweet meats wiſeſt men take heed.
So need not theſe bould gueſts, they eat and drink
And then riſe vp to play; but neuer thinke
Ought fadgeth right, till they haue brought to paſſe
The purpoſde plot for which this meeting was.
Therefore (diſſemblingly) the Polcat gins,
To licke and catch the Cony, and ſo wins
Hould vnderneath his throat, which hauing faſt,
The tragedy begins, the ſport is paſt.
For all aſſault him then on euery part,
Some at his ſides, ſome at his head and heart.
Some at his belly, but the poiſonous Snake,
Doth at his tayle a deadly iſſue make.
The helpleſſe Cony ſues, intreats, and ſtriues,
But he muſt die had he ten thouſand liues.
Each foe his greedy gorge with blood doth glut
And with his ſweet fleſh cram each hollow gut.

"But blood that's ſweet in taſt, is not ſo ſound,
"To feed vpon, as milke that's eaſier found.
The Snake with poiſonous touch had venome ſpred,
Through all the ſwelling vaines, from taile to head.
And they had ſuckt the blacke infection in;
A fitting vengeance for their crying ſinne.
Straight they their ſtomackes find not well at eaſe,
And ſomething feele, that doth their minds diſpleaſe.
The Weaſel firſt ſuſpects the Snake, for he
Can neuer with a Serpent well agree;
Saies, they are poiſond all by one baſe ſlaue,
Whoſe company the Ferret needs would haue.
The Snake replies, he did no more but what
He was appointed to performe by plot.
And if they fooliſhly had eat their laſt,
He could not mend with ſorrow what was paſt.
They find it true, but find it now too late,
Each rauing dies, and yeelds conſtraind by fate.
Yet ere they die, all doe their farewell take,
By ſhaking teeth together on the Snake.
Who deadly wounded, crawles but faintly thence,
Confounded with the guilt of his offence.
And heeding not his way, by good miſhap,
Became a priſoner to the warriners trap.
This feaſt was ended thus, death tooke away,
And where they did not well we mend it may.

Epimythium

Some are of opinion that wisedome consisteth in the ability to giue good counsell. But I think the knowledge how to take good counsell, and how to discerne the differences of aduise, is the principall part of wisedome. That Frog in *Æsope* which in a great drought spying water in a deepe pit aduised his fellow to leape downe, that they might be satisfied and liue there, gaue good counsell and seemed to be a patterne of the first wisedome spoken of. But the other Frog that refused his aduise, and diued deeper then the present time, then the bottome of the pit with this question; But if the water faile vs there, how shall we then get out or how shall we liue there? was a figure of the second wisedome, and teacheth vs that it is harder to take good counsell then to giue it. Let vs therefore beware in this point, and learne to looke

a little beyond that good which is first and most apparant in euery proiect, The second and third good is that which we must rest on: for truth is often most remote and neerest the bottome, all that swims vppermost is the froth and false good and fraud.

The House of Fame.

Dedicated to all the noble attendants of Royalty in the Campe of *Vertue, who fight for the honor of the Church* and Common-wealth.

Till now of late we feard that lowd report,
Of Cressy *field*, Poicters, *and* Agincourt,
Fought by our Kings and Princes heretofore,
Had not been true, or should be tould no more.
We wondred if those Nobles euer were
Whom fame for armes and bounty did prefer.
We doubted all our Countries had forgot,
The deeds of Audely *or beleeud it not.*
We thought our Nation was of worth bereft,
When bowes and arrowes, and brown bills were left.
But see, occasion now hath turnd our eyes,
To inward wars where greater wonders rise.
To see affection conquerd, lust chastisde,
Pride humbled, Murther slaine, all vice despisde.
And all old vertues freshly now renewde,
By faire examples as the Sun ere vewd.
In which braue war of wonders (passing far

All other conflicts that compounded are
Of loue and hate; each Lord who lends a hand
To fight gainſt vice for vertue, doth this land
More honor then his Anceſtors before
In conquering France, and ſhall be famd for't more.
Some for their Prudence who found out and led,
Others for zeale through whom the enemy fled.
Others for Art, whoſe skill the ſquadrons placed
Others for Iuſtice who the enemy chaſed.
And ſome for Conſtancy, who held it out.
And ſtill vnwearied, not vn wounded fought.
But none more fame attaind then mercies ſquire,
Who begd to giue, all ſauing in deſire.
He Audely-*like taught Courtiers how to craue*
What they might giue away, and giuing ſaue,
Saue free from feare of forfeiture or loſſe,
Or the re-begging or the next yeeres croſſe.
Or enuies eye-ſore, or the Commons hate,
Or poores complaint, or greeuance of the ſtate.
To him and to the reſt, this tale is ſent,
Howſoeuer taken with a good intent.

FAme that in *Homers* time a vagrant was,
Without a houſe and home, did after paſſe
In ſtately ſtructures all the mixed race
Of Semdeities, and euery place
Built her a Court, aſſiſted by the Rages
Of ſundry Poets in ſucceeding ages.

For euery one did something ad, to frame
More space and room for their friends narrow fame.
Which as they purchaſt, ſtill to her they gaue
And that's the cauſe, themſelues ſo little haue.

This Fame hath now her houſe glazde al with eies,
The rafts, beames, balkes, nerues, ſinewes, arteries;
The dores wide open, eares; hangd round about
With nimble tongues, and couerd ſo without.
All things are ſeene and heard the wide world ore
Which touch that place, and fartheſt off the more.
The Houſe of Fame built vp foure ſtories hie,
Stands in an open plaine, in which doth lie
Foure ſiſter twins, *True fame, and good* the firſt,
And eldeſt are; falſe and bad fame the worſt.
And yongeſt payre, yet ſwifteſt are in flight
And though laſt borne, yet oft come firſt to light.
Theſe laſt dwell in two darker roomes below,
Among the thicke Crowdes where all errors grow.
There keepe they Court, where Scandals, Libels, lies,
Rumors, Reports, Suſpicions, calumnies,
Are fauorites and Gouernors of State,
Whoſe practiſe 'tis true worth to ruinate.
Falſe fame liues loweſt, and true Fame aboue,
Bad Fame next falſe, good fame next, true doth moue:
Yet good fame ſomtime doth with falſe fame ſtay,
And bad fame ſometime doth with true fame play.
But falſe and true (oppoſd) will neuer meete,
Nor bad and good fame, one the other greete.

It ſo fell out (as oft ſtrange things befall)
A gallant Knight, ariued at that faire Hall,
Attended on with ſuch a noble ſort,
Of warlike ſquires, as fild this ſpatious Court.

Who curiously enquiring of the rout,
Whose Court it was, could no waies find it out.
For contradictions croſt each other ſo,
As truth from falſhood he could no waies know.
Bad fame did call it hers, and ſaid, ſhe was
A guide to ſuch as vnto glory paſſe.
False Fame did call it hers; he ſaw they lide,
For 'boue their heads, two brighter Queens he ſpide,
True fame ſpake to him then, and let him know,
That ſhe and good fame did the building owe,
Being eldeſt borne, to *Titan* and the Earth,
Before the Gyants war: when th'others birth
Long ſince was ſubiect to their parents ſinne,
And heauens curſe which now they liued in.
For as thoſe Gyants gainſt the Gods did war,
So theſe to truth profeſſed enemies are;
Had by ſtrong hand, and fraud, vſurpd her ſtate,
And to expreſſe to vertue vtmoſt hate,
Had bard all paſſage to their houſes hie,
That mortall men might in obliuion die
Or haue their memories blaſted, glories kild
By eating time, with lies and ſlanders fild.
She wiſht him then if he his good deſired
To haue repeated, or his ſpirit aſpired
To worthy honor as old knights had wont,
(Whoſe ſwords not ruſt, but too much vſe did blunt)
That he would vſe ſome meanes to ſet them free,
Whereby his bleſt name might eternizd be.
Good Fame then told him, that the only way,
How he this enterprize accompliſh may,
Was by the helpe of mercy, prudence, art,
Iuſtice and zeale, and Conſtancy of heart.

All

All their knowne friends to ſummon vp in armes,
To force the place, and to diſperſe thoſe ſwarmes
Of idle vagabonds; who kept below
And hated good Fame, would not true fame know.
Then (ſince the ſtayres of fame were broken downe,
And dores ſtopt vp to glory and renowne)
She wild him make an engine wherewithall,
He might her lodging and her ſiſters ſcale.
And ſo himſelfe in ſpite of peril, raiſe
Aboue the reach of enuy, or diſpraiſe.
The Knight (in ſpirit rauiſht with delight
To heare their ſpeech, to ſee their goodly ſight)
Mounts his fierce Courſers backe, with which at hand
His Squires attend vpon his ſtrict command.
Wils euery one of them to take a dame,
Such as the Ladies of the houſe did name,
Who there attended that they might direct
This high attempt, with order and reſpect.
The Squires with willing minds the knight obaide,
And each behind them tooke a louely maide.
Prudence directs her Squires to lead the way,
(Who followes her direction cannot ſtray.)
At length they come vnto a fruitfull wood,
Wherein a world of vpright timber ſtood;
Tall Cedars, Cypres, Pine and royall Okes,
With country Elmes, and Aſh for plow and yokes.
The learned Laurell, and the weeping Mirrh,
The ſmarting Birch, and the ſweet ſmelling Firr
Grew there in order, and all trees beſide,
Wherein the thrifty Woodreeue taketh pride.
The knight ſuruaies all this, yet finds not one
Fit to be feld; till *Prudence* lights vpon

A proud ſtraight *Aſpe*, whoſe waueing top did leane
On a ſlight *Poplar*, with ſome ſhrubs betweene.
The curſed *Eldar*, and the fatall *Yewe*,
With *Witch*, and *Nightſhade* in their ſhadowes grew;
Whoſe ſaples tops, with mildewes often ſtood,
And grew ſelf-ſeare, and ouertopt the wood.
The *Rauen* & *Shreik-owle* there did build their neaſts,
And at their roots did harbour harmefull beaſts.
Which *Prudence* ſaw, but mercy would not ſee,
Till ſhee perceiu'd how euery other tree
Droop'd vnderneath the height of theſe alone,
And could not thriue, or grow till theſe were gone.
She therefore (ioynd with *Conſtancie* and *Zeale*)
Beſought ſharpe *Iuſtice*, who doth euenly deale
Her warie blowes, to fell all theſe with ſpeed;
Who ſoone conſents, and ſoone performes the deed.
At euery ſtroke ſhe fetcht, the trees did grone,
The reſt did eccho laughter to their mone.
And now they lye along, their branches topt,
Their barke pild off, their trunks aſunder chopt.
Then *Art* with rule and line, theſe vſeleſſe payer
Frames (engine-like) a ſtraight clowd climing ſtayer
To mount *Fames* houſe, this euery *Squire* doth reare
And brauely on their backs do thither beare.
But *Mercy* ſeeing all the other ment
To burne the *Chips*, to ſaue them ſhe is bent.
And, with her *Squire*, the knight praies, let them lye,
For he ſhall gaine, and glory get thereby.
Since chips which cut from *Aſpe* and *Poplar* bee,
Do ſoone take roote, ech growes a goodly tree.
The knight conſents, and fenceth round the ſpring.
Whoſe forward growth doth hope of profit bring.

And

And now, together to the house of *Fame*
With speede they passe, where first the *falsest Dame*
Salutes them with a lye, and saith shee heares
Her *Sisters* are together by the eares,
And haue destroyde ech other; this she had
From her *Twin-sister*, who tells rumors bad.
They slight her leasings, and with speed assay
To raise the lather, where bold *Zeale* makes way;
But *false Fame* and *her Sister*, lay about
To hinder her, with all their rascall route.
Slander, foole-hardines, and heartles feare,
With foolish Pittie, and false Loue was there,
Damnde Infidelitie, and secret Hate,
And treason too, that close dissembling mate.
Who all with open mouth, and open lyes,
All waies to stop this honord worke deuise.
They raile, and fight, intreat, and curse and ban.
The Knight proceeds, in scorne of what they can.
And mounts the ladder, with his sword in hand,
Which soone disparkles, such as dare withstand.
Zeale hales him vp, and *Prudence* guides him right,
True Constancie encourageth the fight,
Mercy saues all the innocent, who swarme
For companie, not with intent of harme;
Art orders euery act, the engine staies
And helpes the Knight step after step, to praise
The lusty squires below, with sword and lance,
Withstand bad fame, whilst Justice doth aduance
Her heauy hatchet, and strikes off the head
Of both the leaders, and there leaues them dead.
Which when their troopes discouer, they forsake
Th'vsurped fortresse, and themselues betake

To heady flight, into a marsh neere hand;
Where many whispering reeds and Osiars stand.
There they like out-lawes doe themselues inclose,
In wilfull banishment, with all the foes
Of this good knight, whose valure vndertooke
This high attempt, that Fame might rightly looke
On all deseruers, and that man might finde,
Like freedome for his tongue, as for his mind.
That vertue might be crowned by true fame,
And honest meaning liue with honored name.
Which promise gladly both the sisters swore,
In solemne forme; and now as heretofore
The freedome of their tongues they both possesse;
And worth is knowne from base vnworthinesse.
The knight they humbly thanke, and him they crown
The Soueraigne of glory and renowne.
Which stile, Famestrumpetters the fowre winds blow
Through th'earths foure quarters, that the world may
Th'extent of vertuous actions; how no power (know
Can stop their passage, nor lanke Time deuoure
Their sweet remembrance; which shall liue as long
As nature hath an eare, or eye, or tongue.
To euery Squire then they this fauour giue,
That after death their Fames shall euer liue;
For still those Ladies, whose imploiment they
So well aduanc't, shall duly night and day
Repeate their labors, and prefer them far
Beyond *Alcides* workes, as peace doth war
Surpasse in glory, or those works we doe,
When others wills, and ours we conquer too.
Now 'tis proclaimd that if we tell no lies,
We may with boldnesse speake and feare no spies.

That

That what this age hath done, this age may heare,
As well repeated now as the next yeere.
That all our words our ſelues ſhall firſt expound,
And that no forc't conſtruction ſhall confound
Our honeſt meaning, but bee't ill or well,
We may with freedome our opinions tell.
Since no man dares to doe the thing which he,
Would not haue all the world both heare and ſee.
Theſe orders ratified, they fall to ſport,
And fill with maskes and reuells all the Court.
The ſequel I refer to Fames relation,
Whoſe golden trumpe ſounds vs a bleſſed nation.

Satellitium

Satellitium.

Dedicated to all that ſtand Sentinell, that watch and ward in defence *of this kingdome, eſpecially to the ſtrength* and guard of the State.

Be of one minde; Religion tyes a knot,
Which none vndoes, by practiſe or by plot.
But if in that we differ, be our breed
Within one houſe, or wombe, of all one ſeede,
"T is ſeuerd ſoone by hate, reſpect, or gold,
Which Law can neuer ſoulder, art make hold,
"Faith only ioynes, what nothing ſunder can.
"Beaſts loue for beneſits, for vertue Man.

WHo guarded round about with Parthian bowes,
Or Spaniſh pikes; or hedg'd and dike with rowes
Of ſturdie Ianiſaries; or the ſhot
Of hardy Swizzars; or the valiant Scot.

And

And after these with walles of steele and brasse,
Hemd in so close that scarce the ayre may passe
Betwixt the cliffes, is not so free from doubt,
As is that King whom loue doth guard about.
Whom subiects loue doth guard, because that he
Guards them from all oppression, and makes free
His noble fauourers to desert and worth,
Spreading his radiant vertues frankly forth,
That both his owne may finde, and neighbors know,
What glorious fruit doth from religion grow.
How sweet an odor Iustice sends to heauen,
How rare example is to Princes giuen,
By vertuous deeds, to stop the mouthes of those,
Who vnreform'd are reformations foes.
Such one sleepes safe within the armes of loue,
Diuine regard doth all his subiects moue
To due obedience; and with sacred awe
Binds conscience, with a stronger bond then lawe.
Such heauen informes, whilst hell doth vndermine,
And spite of darkest plots with grace diuine
Doth hedge about, that naked in the armes
Of enemies he is preseru'd from harmes.
They sleepe securely, feed on holesome cates,
Angels their beds make, cookes their delicates
Gives Antidotes gainst poysons, doth defend
Gainst damned witches, and their God the fiend,
No Iesuits at their elbowes can do hurt,
Nor troopes of Papists that their courts ingirt.
For God doth them in his blest armes inclose,
Safe, though their chiefest fauourites were foes.

Psal. 45. O happy then good Kings proceed, ride on,
Grow vp in glory, as you haue begun.

Ride

Ride on for truths sake, looke on either hand,
How you are guarded with a heauenly band
Of blessed spirits, who shall lead you still
In holy paths, and guide your steps from ill.
These being with you, you shall boldly tread Psal. 91.
Vpon the Lyon, and the Dragons head,
And trample danger vnderneath your feete,
As men tread stones, or dirt within the street.
Which only spraids them; your heauen-garded state
Is safer far, then that of Mitbridate,
The King of *Pontus*, vnto whom befell,
What strange aduenture in this tale I tell.
This King perceiuing well there was no band,
Of duty, loue, or nature, could withstand Ælianus.
The strong inticement of corrupting gold,
Or baser lust, or humor ouer bold,
Or fond ambition (which makes empty slaues
Swim bladder borne vpon the floting waues
Of false Opinion, with the arme of pride,
Of borrowed power, and ignorance beside)
But that these would peruert the faith they had,
And cause them after farther hopes run mad;
Did to preuent all this, a guard prouide
Of faithfull beasts, whose strength had oft been tried.
A Bull, a Horse, a Hare, the Captaines were,
Of this strong guard, whose force did nothing feare
But falshood, and Ingratitude, and Treason,
From which they were as free, as man from reason
Why knowing more then beasts, he should not hate
As they doe, to be treacherous, and ingrate.
These three together being put to feed,
And sport themselues till there were farther need,

Of

Of their knowne faith, together long did dwell
In peace and loue, till on a time it fell
That they with rest and ease full fed and fat,
Had time to play, to dally, and to chat.
Then did the wanton Hart propound a course,
Betwixt himselfe and the couragious Horse.
The warlike Horse did dare the horned Bull
To make one in the race, who straight way full
Of burning choller, and adusted blood,
Bad cowards run, he for no footman stood.
Twas meet for them that durst not stand it out,
To vse their heeles, his heart was too too stout.
The angry Hart replies, ther's none of you,
But may to me as to your better bow,
I swifter then the Horse, my feet can vse,
And for my head, the Bull ile not refuse
To combat with, my courage I am sure
Is like my strength as able to indure,
And doe, as either of you dare or can,
And more I am esteemd by royall man.
Those Serpents which you run from, I seeke forth,
And teare them with my teeth as nothing worth.
And as my life to man is sweet and pleasing,
So is my death, each part some sorrow easing.
My hornes all mortall poyson can expell,
My marrow makes stiffe ioynted misers well.
My fat yeelds strength and sweetnesse, that fierce lad
Achilles, neuer other spoone meat had.
Which made him such a Captaine, euery part
Is physicall and comforteth the heart.
Yea euen my excrements the dropsie cures,
My teares, like precious Iewels, man allures.

To ſeek them vp, where ſeuer they be ſhed.
My skin great Captaines weare when I am dead;
And boaſt that they haue ſuch a coat of proofe,
Which wounds withſtands, whence venome ſtands aloofe.
Then why (O baſer creatures) dare you brag
And match your ſelues with the long liuing Stag?
My life is long, cauſe I with coſt am wrought,
But nature ſlights your liues, as good for nought.
The creſted Horſe, with fiery eies did ſhow,
What inward rage did in his hot blood flow
To heare this bold ſpeech vttered, and with head
Toſt in the ayre his hardned hoofes doth tread
The ſcornd earth with contempt, then thus breaks out;
O thou the fearefulleſt of all the rout
Of hunted beaſts, how haps it that you dare
With me your maſter and your Lord compare?
Forget ye my preheminence? the loue
Man beares me? how one ſpirit ſeems to moue
Me and my rider? that we ſtart and run,
Stop, turne, trot, amble, as we were but one?
Haue you at any time been calld to war,
Where none but Captaines and great Souldiers are?
Truſted to heare their Councels? on your backe
Borne the Commander of that royall packe?
I haue done this and more, borne him about
Through worlds of danger, and then borne him out.
He truſts me when his legs he dare not truſt,
And when his hands faile then performe I muſt.
Nay when he failes himſelfe in euery part,
I adde another life, another heart.
In war I thus befriend him, in his need,
And ſo in peace, I helpe his wants to feed.

I till his land that elſe would barren be,
Beare all his carriage, and am ſildome free
From ſum imploiment, but muſt neere him ſtand
As being fit, and apt for his command.
If he to viſit friends abroad doth fare,
I muſt along with him, true friends we are.
If he intends to hunt ſuch beaſts as you,
For ſport, or hate, or need, he lets me know
The time, the place, the end, and we agree,
I ſee the ſport, and hunt as well as he.
How often haue I ſeene ſome fearefull Hart,
Perhaps your ſire, at my dread preſence ſtart.
Fly hence with vtmoſt ſpeed, and neuer ſlacke
His willing pace, when I vpon my backe
Bearing my noble maſter haue at length
O'retane the lubber, hauing loſt his ſtrength?
Whilſt I ſtill foming courage, breathing ſprite,
Haue ſought another conqueſt long ere night;
And after that a third, vnwearied yet,
Yet you your ſelfe as Paralell will ſet
To match and ouermatch my worth, my force;
As if weake Stags might braue the peerleſſe Horſe.
For phyſicall receipts ile eaſily yeeld,
A liue I profit man, you being kild.
This makes him ſeeke your death, my liue to ſaue,
Yet being dead my parts their vertues haue.
Which I refer to others to relate,
As ſcorning Hog-like to doe good ſo late.
This only I conclude, If man ſhould chooſe
To ſaue but one, hee'd both of you refuſe.
The armed Bull ſweld, puft and roard alowd,
To heare the Hart ſo bold, the Horſe ſo proud.

And

And all the while they ſpake, he toſt about
With hornes and hoofes the duſt; then bellowed out
This bolder braue; What ignorance is this,
That cauſeth both of you, ſo much amiſſe
To boaſt your falſe worths, and neglect the true,
Which reſts in me, belongs to none of you?
The Wolfe, the Greyhound, and each queſting cur,
Makes thee poore trembling Hart keepe ſuch a ſtir,
To ſhift thy layer, as if thy life were loſt,
With euery faint blaſt, that the leaues downe toſt.
And this couragious Horſe, that makes a quoile,
Of wounds in war, and tilling of the ſoyle,
With many other vſes fit for man,
(As they that leaſt can doe, beſt cauill can)
Let this his anſwer be, the ſpur and bit
Shewes man truſts nor his courage, nor his wit.
For if he tyre or faint, his ſpur prouokes,
And prickes him forward, with continuall ſtrokes.
And if with headſtrong heat, he madly rides,
The bridle curbes him, and his folly guides.
"All voluntary acts the actors praiſe,
"Not ſuch as others by conſtraint doe raiſe.
"Out of our natures, whilſt we eaſily are
"Made inſtruments either of peace, or war.
Elſe might our horned Heards, the reſcue boaſt
Of *Hannibal*, and his diſtreſſed hoaſt, *Plutar. in vita Han.*
When he with lights and torches tyde to vs,
Eſcapt the trap, of lingring *Fabius*.
But truth is far from ſuch oſtents, thoſe deeds *Cunctando reſtituit rem. Ennius.*
We call our owne, which from our choice proceeds.
The yoke we beare, and wherewithall we till
The earth for man, is by conſtraint, not will.

What comfort from our fleſh, or from our Cowes,
By calues, or milke, or Cheeſe or Butter flowes,
Or phyſicall receipts, as they are more,
And vſefuller, then what you both before
Haue mentioned, ſo freely I confeſſe
Man hath in them the glory more or leſſe.
His wit and induſtry, in them is ſeene,
And th' Authors goodneſſe from whom firſt we been,
War is the good you glory in, which ſprings
From mans ambitious ignorance, and brings
Wants, woe, and death, with many ills beſide,
To ſcourge vs all, through our great maſters pride.
Then at the beſt, you are but ſlaues to ſuch,
As feeding you, foode to their like doe grutch. (rake,
And through your force, their owne reuengements
Whilſt you to ſtout men, cowards equall make.
For what from you they borrow, they muſt grant
They feare their foes enioy, whilſt they doe want.
Thus therefore all the nobler nations vſe
To fight on foot, whilſt cowards rather chooſe
To ſhare with beaſts in glory, and to get
Themſelues a name, through your foole hardy heat.
So you on them, and they on you depend,
Such ſeruice iudgement neuer did commend.
And thus in ſportiue war, and warlike ſport,
You doe your rider from himſelfe tranſport.
Whilſt you not manlike grow, but beaſtlike he
Reſembles you, in all theſe ſports we ſee.
Yea often to miſchance you doe betray
Your heedleſſe rider, and in midſt of play
Precipitate his ſoddaine fortune ſo,
That who hath you a friend, ſhall need no foe;

But may himselfe, a happy man proclaime,
If by your meanes he scapes without a maime.
But now if either of you, thinke you can,
Out of your owne worths, proue more fit for man,
And better able to defend, and guard,
Him whom we serue, from whom we haue reward,
Then I can with my hornes, and harnast hide,
Proceed to triall, I defie your pride;
And with bold challenge summon you to fight,
A triple combat, to decide the right.
They both with eager appetite accept
These wisht conditions, and by this haue stept
Far from each other; all prepard doe stand
At full carere, to ioyne this trebble band.
The field triangle wise they euenly cast,
And each with rage expects, that dreadfull blast,
Which warnes them charge. Each roreth out his wrath,
Nor other need of drums or trumpets hath.
The Hart doth bray, the bounding Steed doth neigh,
The Bull doth bellow, deepe, and lowde and high.
The earth doth tremble, and the ayre doth shun,
This dreadfull thunder; as when laden gun
Spits forth its load, in scorne to be restraind,
The ayre giues way vnto the bullets chaind,
As dreading to resist so mighty force,
Thus meete the valiant Bull, the Hart and Horse.
The Hart and Horse first touch tha'ppointed place
Being more swift, and apter for the race.
And let each other, with much danger feele
The force of horned head, and armed heele.
But ere a second bout they can performe,
In comes the boystrous Bull, like winters storme,

And

And ſeuers them with ſuch a violent puſh,
That they amazde, turne giddy with the ruſh.
But (nimble both and actiue) they repay
The ſturdie Bull, with all the ſpeed they may. (reele
The Hart with his broadhornes, doth make him
But the kinde Horſe, vpholds him with his heele.
The Bull thanks neither, for the one did pearce
His hollow flanke, the other much more fearce,
Did breake a rib, and bruiſe his ſhoulder blade,
And taught him with leſſe choller to inuade.
Yet th'ods is ſoone recouer'd with his horne,
Which hath the belly of the *Courſer* torne.
And rent one weaker beame, from branched Hart,
As trees by thunder riuen, or clouen athwart.
The ſubtle Hart, then ſhuns thoſe ruder blowes,
And tho'ds of handiſtrokes too dearely knowes.
The Horſe taught by his wounds, doth keep aloofe,
And ſtands vpon defence, with hardned hoofe.
The Bull aſſaults them both with watchfull eye,
And ſeeks how he aduantages may ſpie.
The Horſe and Hart vpon their guard do ſtand,
In doubt and iealouſie, on either hand.
The Bull aſſaults the Hart, but he giues way,
And ſlips his furie with what ſlight he may.
Yet turnes not head, as fearefull cowards will,
But wefes aſide, to tyre his foe with skill.
The Bull then ſtrikes the Horſe a deadly cuff,
But he requites him with a counterbuff.
The Hart ſtrikes in betwixt, the Bull turnes rownd,
The Horſe leaps right vp, doth coruet, and bownd;
So at one inſtant, fatally they meete;
The Bull his death meets from the Horſes feet,

The Hart thaduantage takes, the Horſe aloft
Strikes his one horne into his belly ſoft,
Which there hangs faſt; the Horſe doth with his fall.
Breakes the Harts necke, this is the end of all
None hath the conqueſt, all of them are ſlaine.
Their deaths not doubted, long they there remaine,
Till that the King their Maſter, hauing neede
Of their attendance, goes his guard to feed,
For none might tend them elſe, leaſt they acquainted
With others bribes, by treaſon ſhould be tainted.
So enters he the place, and there he ſpies
What doth affright him, all his comfort lies
Dead at his feet, then ſadly going neere
Their carrion corpes, he doth a murmur heare,
As armed ſouldiers in a City ſound,
Or fire in th'ayre, or wind within the ground.
And doubting the ſucceſſe, three ſeuerall ſwarmes
He ſees prepard for fight, and vp in armes.
Bees from the Bull, Waſpes from the Horſe do ſtart,
And Hornets from the melancholly Hart.
He motions peace, and hopes to part the fray,
They ſend three ſouldiers, who ſends him away.
For each of them doth fix his venomd ſting,
Within the fleſh of the amazed King.
He flies with ſpeed from thence, they fight it out;
The conqueſt all, expect, all feare and doubt.
But what befell I know not; this I know,
The King cride out aloud. The euils that grow
From pride, ambition, and exceſſe of grace, Epimithia.
"Like thankleſſe curs, flie in their maſters face.
"Beaſts will be beaſts, doe bounty what it can,
"Tis caſt away, thats giuen to worthleſſe man.

O Princes banishment from the Court,
It sowres all actions, leauens euery sport.
And at the last, when it should sweetly close,
From one false friend riseth a thousand foes.

FINIS.

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